

BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

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"THAT THINGS ARE NO WORSE"

From the time of our old Revolution, when we threw off the yoke of the King, has descended this phrase to remember, "That things are no worse, O, my Sire!" It can comfort and warm like a fire, it can cheer us when days are the darkest: "That things are no worse, O, my Sire!"

"Was King George's Prime Minister said it, To the King who had questioned, in heat, What he meant by appointing Thanksgiving, In such times of ill luck and defeat: 'What's the cause for your day of Thanksgiving?'"

"Tell me, pray," cried the King, in his ire; Said the Minister: "This is the reason— That things are no worse, O, my Sire!"

There has nothing come down in the story Of the answer returned by the King; But I think on his throne he sat silent, And confessed it a sensible thing. For there's a never a burden so heavy That it might not be heavier still; There is never a sorrow so bitter As that the cup could not fall full.

And whatever of care or of sadness Our life and our duties may bring, There is always the cause for Thanksgiving, Which the Minister told to the King.

"A lesson to sing and remember; It can comfort and warm like a fire, Can cheer us when days are the darkest— 'That things are no worse, O, my Sire!'"

—Helen Jackson, M. D., in *Wide Awake*.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

One Flirtation, One Thanksgiving, One Wedding.

BY G. G. B.

SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—To the Editor-in-Chief *Criterion*, City.—Dear Sir: It pains me exceedingly to be obliged to incur your displeasure in regard to the next chapters of "Coming Events." But really the days have grown so short, with work ever on the increase—indeed, sometimes, I think I shall drop either the office or my literary aspirations altogether. The former, notwithstanding your kind assurances, I am not prepared to do; the latter, I can not; so there the days go by—frustrated at both ends, wasted in the middle. And then—then—dear Mr. Editor, lend me your most sympathetic ear, if you have got such a thing—I have a little romantic episode of my own!

Hoping not to strain your kind temper too far, I remain, Yours Resp.

SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: I send you the promised sheets, and hope to be "on hand" with the next.

Aha! So you really have a "sentimental ear" and want to know about my "romantic episode." Well, I do not mind telling you, we are such great friends—though we have never met. Besides, I know you are such a regular old mole you never will disclose. Besides, I have not a soul to tell, and I am dying for sympathy. You see Dick Ray and I had a regular fuss, night before last, as to our favorite style of beauty; the subject being started by a question as to preference, in my new "Mental Autograph Album." So pronounced was my enthusiasm for that rare combination, "light hair and dark eyes," that Dick, whose unrelieved ravenness has never been able to secure a bit closer to the center of my heart than "friendship," was somewhat startled, and I could see not a little nettled. One word led to another, each one making me but the more loyal to what, true as fate, dear mole, has never been more than an ideal in my mind. So strong was the impression left by the controversy that sleep was not able to banish it. A hero of "light hair and dark eyes" wandered with me through dreamland, appeared in the sunlight rays which woke me; indeed, followed me clear into the office, where every thing, not business and clothes, are supposed to be peremptorily "dropped."

By noon, his idealism was pretty well banished, however, and I started to lunch at the usual hour without him, till, coming to the corner of Wabash avenue and Adams street, the capers of a fractious horse disturbed the symmetry of travel, and a sudden huddle and halt of the "living stream" brought me face to face with as perfect a type of poor Dick's rival as could possibly be met with in a day's search. Such remarks as "fine brows," "my idealized ideal was an elderly, portly, handsome gentleman, of the type only to be met with on earth, I believe, in Paris, New York and Chicago—a thoroughly stylish, clean, healthy, business man!"

The huddle of people, the sudden appearance, right before my eyes, of my ideal beautiful man, recalling, as it did, the ridiculous quarrel of the night before, shocked me utterly out of all my usual demureness, all my theories on the subject of street-conduct, all my self-control; I smiled—one of my very best—straight into the middle of the brown eyes, which, I need not assure you, were not at all behind hand in a genuine response—with interest. A momentary hesitation of expectancy, refusal, regret, a polite raising of the eyebrows, and we had parted—my

the rim of a very stylish and becoming derby disclosed to be "whiteness," for my materialized ideal was an elderly, portly, handsome gentleman, of the type only to be met with on earth, I believe, in Paris, New York and Chicago—a thoroughly stylish, clean, healthy, business man!

ideal and I—for aye, and aye, and aye. Alas!

You think I did right, *ne c'est pas?*

"TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 20.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: I am sorry to say, I must again disappoint you with sheets of "Coming Events." Night before last I slept but two hours, last night was utterly worthless, could do nothing rational in the way of work—I am so disturbed and unhappy!

What do you think happened Thursday? Just about the same place and same time, whom should I meet again, but my nice old gentleman. Oh, but he is handsome! With such a look—more than a look—that makes me want so much to know him. I know he would be such a good, true friend—and oh, my dear sir, I am so desolate of friends! He was carrying an umbrella, so was I, and we passed, like two ships at sea, as we walked, I with my stoniest glare, he with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a halt in his gait that told me, well as I wanted to know, that I need not walk alone to lunch that day, unless I wished. But I saw well enough that he was a wealthy gentleman, who, no doubt, would be only too glad to have a little sport with the heart of a poor little maiden, who would have naught but regret left to fill the emptiness in her life, after he had fled to pastures new.

Nevertheless, after passing, a strong desire possessed me to see how he walked, maybe where he might turn on the avenue, that would give me some clue to his business, which desire was fed, as desires ever will, by nothing less than W's great, big photograph-case standing way out on the pavement, with its shelter, and shade, and excuse, right on its beautiful face! Oh, why will people do that which they know they will be sorry for! And why will inanimate things conspire, in times of weakness, to lead the doubter to regrets! This apple of Sodom came in my way at my weakest, bidding me halt—just a moment—look at the pictures,

and—peek! I halted—just a moment—looked at the pictures, and—peeked! Oh! there was my ideal, turned square around, looking after me, stock still, umbrella over his shoulder, the whitest of white handkerchiefs in his hand! Of course he expected me to do some such graceless thing, and here I, poor silly goose, walked right into the trap.

The storm of anger, mortification and self-blame, ended, as storms usually do, in copious rain; and you may depend that never again will I get caught in such a shameful manner. Oh, shame upon me! Never! What would the dear prim little aunt, way back in the prim little churchyard, of the primest town in all of prim old Connecticut, say, could she know that I, to whom her last words were of caution and advice on account of my "looks," should here, in the noisiest city of the whole wide West, be caught, in the public street, flirting with a materialized ideal! "TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, Oct. 27.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: You see I have been quite industrious. I send you advance sheets this time. You will say my humiliating lesson did me good. So it did. I have since frequently met "my nice old gentleman." He seems to understand that I am no common flirt. He passes in respectful and unexpectant manner, that is not indifference, but which increases my interest in him tenfold for its manliness. One look, one word of intrusion or familiarity, after he saw it was contrary to my conscience, would have settled the matter. All interest in him would have died on the spot. I loathe an old sloop! He is all that is manly, self-controlled and gentlemanly—I do believe, my dear, sympathizing mole, that I am more than half in love with light hair, dark eyes, fifty years and two hundred pounds!

"TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, Nov. 3.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: I send you the next four chapters. You will say I must be going to die, I am so good.

One more episode in my romance, which I write with tears in my eyes. Last night I was standing at the corner of Washington and State streets waiting for the car. You know what an excessively sloppy, nasty night it was, and what a task it is to reach the cable at that hour, through such a jangle of every thing, and the mud, too. I was feeling particularly cross and uncomfortable. The rain was playing havoc with my pretty little rough suit, as the mud would with my neat shoes. I must have looked mad, I felt so—not daring to go on, not daring to wait, lest the rain should increase, when, with a great throb, that sent a new supply of blood, hope, courage and delight to every vein in my body, my heart saw, coming straight towards me, my dear old gentleman, with his certain, gracious manner, and his raised umbrella, which, with a respectful but firm "permit me," he held straight over the damp little turban, and, gently taking my arm, escorted me, through all the "jangle of every thing," to the car steps. But the bustle was not too great, nor the way too short nor difficult, to prevent his expressing, in—oh, such well-bred and new tones—how much he would like the pleasure of my acquaintance, and might he not hope some time, before very long, to call upon me at my home—might he not have my address to-night.

And of course—of course—why of course—I could not let him. Ah! but you can not know how I almost choked as I told him so. Oh! dear, can you think I was so desolate, and I *loved* him was good and true.

"Oh, my dear sir," I said, "it is indeed impossible. Indeed, indeed, it is not I

have any objections to you, your own self, but, don't you see, if I let you—there is no reason—why I should—not let—anybody—at least, there is—nothing to prevent—your—thinking—I—would—and—I could say no more. I fancy he heard the great sob underneath, for in tones so low, not even the little rain drops falling about us could hear, he stooped and said, oh, so earnestly: "God bless and take care of you, my dear good little girl!" then stooping still lower, he kissed my hand, as respectfully as if I had been some great lady, and we were standing on the ball-room floor of some elegant home. The rain drops which splashed on the hard alligator side of my little sachet must have been cold on one side and was n on the other; cold for regret at the happiness I had thrown, willfully, over my shoulder, warm with the intense thrill of delight which any woman always feels at receiving the well-earned respect of a thoroughly manly man.

"TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, Nov. 10.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: I send you a few more pages. I fear that I must bring "Coming Events" to a more abrupt conclusion than I had intended. It, or something, is wearing on me perceptibly. I can neither sleep nor eat. I shall make it up to you later.

Thanks for your kind personal interest, and your sympathy in my little romance, and desire for "more." I must tell you. The restaurant was awfully crowded yesterday, as it always is Saturdays. I had a very pleasant seat, however, with a vacant chair beside me, which the kind waiter always lets me have to hold my sachet and parcels. I went to writing as usual—most of "Coming Events" was begotten between "orders"—and so interested was I in Chapter 13, enclosed, that I did not notice the waiter coming my way, till, with a murmured "pardon," he removed my things and placed the newcomer therein. So absorbed was I that I never looked up, till the waiter's return, when, whom should I find sitting by my side, but "him!" And there lay your "note-heads" large as life, with your grandiloquent name tastefully scroll-banded in full, on the left-hand corner—M. L. De Verne, Editor-in-Chief, *Criterion*.

What if he had seen it! Oh, what if he had, and was even now mentally denouncing that mosquito in petticoats, the "female reporter!" But he did not seem as if he had. His shapely, well-kept hands were nonchalantly joined at the tips, over the white cloth, and the wonderful brown eyes indifferently fixed on the awning over the rival restaurant across the way. No, I am sure he did not see; and I did not prolong his opportunity for so doing, I can assure you. He was immaculately dressed in a cool, brown-colored suit, faultless linen, and the short white hair *a la pompadour* over the broad forehead, the whole set off by a nobby little button-hole bouquet—red and white. Had I been a native of Senegambia he could not have remained more utterly unconscious of my presence than he did, all through that cozy little meal we took there, side by side, but not together. And the dainty, sensible meal he ordered! Just what I should have chosen to serve him had I to do. Ah me! ah me! And how daintily he dined! No hurry, no indecent haste. So different from the ravenous and disgusting manner of the "cheap-John" goblins, who so offended my domestic taste every time I ate in a restaurant. He kept his dishes neatly arranged about him, so as not to interfere with anybody, and, as if anticipating the relief it would give, left the room first.

And there lay the dear little daisy at the other side of his plate. How did it get out of its compact little home! It must have



THE DEAR LITTLE DAISY.

fallen out. I could not bear to see so sweet a flower tossed into a gray dish, so I put it into my little sachet. Ah, you dear little daisy, don't you tell!

"TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, Nov. 17.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: I must disappoint you this week. I have been very ill. The doctor insists upon perfect rest. I shall try to send you some pages Thursday.

"TIGER."

Co.'s to wait for the car. While I, jotted down a notion" the car-bell startled me, and I jumped up hastily, gathering my effects—rolls, crumblers, cranberries and the paper which I chuckled in my hand as I ran. I had almost reached the step, when by some mis-sight, the conductor rang the bell. The next I knew I was rolling over and over, and over, in the doubtful snow and ash, skirts in mid-air, hat rolling under the wheels and the unfortunate cranberries dripping through a hole in their bag, proclaiming in balls of crimson guilt my mortifying story to conductor, passengers, passers-by, and, horror of horrors! my dear old gentleman!!! For he it was whose strong arm righted me, as though I had slipped in the most simple and graceful manner possible, leading me to a seat in the car, as though we were returning from a picnic—brushing down the mud and snow-strips "rough suit," as though brushing a butterfly from a lawn-tennis costume and seating himself beside me, as though he had been my escort since the morning. I did not need to look for my bundles, there they all were, close beside him, minus the luckless cranberries.

"You must allow me to see you safely to your home," he said. "You are too weakly to be trusted alone." Whatever more he said was neither heard nor replied to; I did neither hear nor see, nor understand. After seeing me safely deposited in the dusty little parlor, he added: "Now—but I never heard the rest, for a senseless heap was all that was left of me, ten seconds after I touched the little lounge. And the next voice I heard was the doctor's, and a very strictly professional voice it was, after the dear tender tones that had sent me to sleep!

CONTINUATION FROM PRIVATE DIARY.

And I spent Thanksgiving Day in bed, and four days after. The fifth day a second form followed the doctor's into the parlor—which I had, for the first time, reached again—and shed its "light hair and dark eyes" upon the face of the little mirror which had reflected Dick's angry glances, the evening of our discussion of that fateful subject.

The doctor staid only long enough to feel my pulse, change my medicine and introduce me to his old friend and fellow-citizen. Oh, kindly earth, open and swallow me up!!! Ye, know, fall in heaps and bury me from sight!!! Oh, sun, cease your cruel shining, and let a merciful darkness enshroud my crushed, humiliating self!!! For the doctor introduced me to—M. L. De Verne, editor-in-chief *Criterion*, city, who for the last eight weeks had been receiving, in the private box of his editor-in-chiefship, the two romances of "Coming Events" and my own dearly-bought story of self-proclaimed love and devotion for the "dear old mole, who would not disclose," and with whom my identification dated from that day when the brown eyes rested indifferently on the awning of the rival restaurant across the way after they had deliciously twinkled over their owner's name tastefully scroll-banded on the left-hand corner of the *Criterion* note-head, so accommodatingly displayed to his gaze.

"My dear old gentleman," indeed! "So handsome, so stylish and so clean!" "How I longed to know him!" "How I longed to serve with hands of love, the dainty dinner brought by stranger hands!" Oh, you bad little wife, what made you tell!

The scalding tears of shame burst from my eyes. I made a dash for the door, but a gentle, firm hold was on my wrist, gentle firm tones in my ear, and the "whitest of white handkerchiefs" wiping the tears from my eyes!

Before going, I promised to let him come and dine with me that evening; he sending in the dinner which should be served in that same little parlor, which was secured from intrusion, by a charm more potent than any possessed by the "Sky parlor" tenant.

What all happened that day need not be told.

Next day brought me a little package, which my weak happy hands could scarcely open, for joy at the dear familiar handwriting, and official business. It contained a tiny box from Peacock's and the daintiest little volume bound in red morocco, entitled: "One Flirtation—One Thanksgiving—One Wedding—inscribed to my dear little wife," in which was reproduced, in daintiest type, on the most delicate paper, word for word of my letters to the "dear old mole," relating to a certain "romantic episode" which I felt sure he "would not disclose"—while clear, life-faced type impressively conveyed the more touching passages of love and admiration, which, like boomerangs from my heart, had returned, after, lo, these many days.

The tiny box held a jewel the like of which is not to be met with in any jeweler's shop in the city, for was not Love caught in its diamond flashes, captured by the delicate circle, inside which was inscribed the simple record: "Thanksgiving, 1885."

A few days later was added the following:

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—To the Officers of the *Criterion Publishing Company*—Gentlemen: Inclosed please find concluding chapters of "Coming Events."

DEATH ON THE LAKES.

Frankfort, Mich.

Two Lumber Schooners Driven Ashore, and Ten Persons Perish—Lake Superior Vessel Wrecked, With Fatality.

DETROIT, Nov. 19.—A special from Frankfort says: During the height of the storm yesterday afternoon, at intervals through the blinding snow-storm, a three-masted schooner could be seen about six miles southwest of Frankfort. Her poles were almost bare, and the deck seemed clear of cargo. An attempt was made to anchor her, and she held for a time, but soon broke loose and drifted helplessly before the gale. The wind gradually increased in violence, and the seas were growing every moment larger, when darkness settled like a pall over the face of the lake. Help was asked from the life-saving station at Manistee, but it was impossible for a tug to live in such a gale. After great trouble the life-saving station, six miles north of here, was reached, and the apparatus hauled down the coast by a few volunteers, over steep hills, winding ravines, tree trunks and heavy snow-drifts, and pelted by the driving snow and hail. They arrived at the scene of the disaster at Horning Creek at 4 o'clock this morning. The vessel was totally broken up and with the cargo piled up on the beach, every thing being completely destroyed. Broken masts, shrouds, lumber and debris, all were mixed and piled up together. Captain Matthews thinks she must have had her anchor down and pounded to pieces on the outer bar. One body was found. The vessel was, with the name Menekauca, was near by uninjured. It is thought the schooner had a crew of nine men, and that she broke as soon as she struck. No other bodies have been discovered. Another wreck was discovered, two miles south, where the same chaotic wreckage was seen. The entire stem of the schooner Marinette, of Racine, Wis., was discovered. At a neighboring farm house was a bruised and battered sailor with incriminated hands, from which the flesh was stripped and his feet were badly swollen. From him it was learned that the crew of eight men were lost. A special from Duluth, Minn., says: The schooner Lucerne is reported to have been driven on Point Chequamegon. The vessel was loaded with iron, and went down in five fathoms of water. All hands were lost. Not less than 40 men were on board.

Burnt Clothing.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 20.—At 3 o'clock this morning fire was discovered on the south side of Third street, between Race and Vine. Five of the largest clothing houses in this city are ablaze and their destruction can hardly be averted. The fire is spreading southward and has reached the buildings on the north side of Pearl street.

The flames were first discovered in the large clothing and cloth-house of M. & L. S. Fecheimer, 107 Third street. The wind carried the flames southward, and in less than ten minutes the clothing house of Buttman Bros. at No. 96 Pearl street, the millinery store of Benckman & Co., No. 94 Pearl street, and the clothing house of Leon & Metzger, at No. 12 Pearl street, all situated just to the rear of Marcus & L. S. Fecheimer's place, were on fire. The damage at this writing (6 a. m.) will exceed a half million dollars.

Quiet Obsequies.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The funeral ceremonies over General Arthur's remains will be entirely without display. His remains will not lie in state, but after the services on Monday will be taken direct to the burial cemetery at Albany. Only the family will accompany the body to the church. The casket is to be of fine oak, covered with broadcloth, without trimmings on the outside. On the top will be a silver plate, on which will be engraved the name and date of death.

A Sure Preventive.

CENTRALIA, ILL., Nov. 19.—Dr. R. H. Scott, who died here Wednesday, often expressed a horror of being buried alive, and in order to preclude such a thing he asked that his heart be cut out after his death. This was done, the organ being taken out and replaced in the dead body. He was buried yesterday, the Board of Education and the Masonic and professional order of which he was a member, with teachers and school children attending in a body.

Seven Days' Failures.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number for the United States 307, and for Canada 35, or a total of 342, as compared with a total of 231 last week and 89 the week previous to the last. The casualties reported from the Western and Southern States and Canada are much above the average. In the other sections of the country they are light.

Nearly as Cheap as Daylight.

COLUMBIANA, O., Nov. 19.—J. J. Johnson, a physician of this place, is reported to have discovered a process for the manufacture of gas, whereby nearly half a million cubic feet of gas can be made from a barrel of oil, the residue of which is still worth its cost price as a lubricator.

Death of Peter Shinkle.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 19.—Peter Shinkle, the venerable father of Amos and Vincent Shinkle, the Covington millionaires, died at 11 o'clock to-night at his home in Covington. The deceased was ninety-two years old and a man of much prominence.

Cholera in South America.

ANARCHIST PLANS.

Diabolical Suggestion to Blow Up the Water Tower and Burn Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—A local German paper asserts in its issue to-day that the Anarchists of this city have renewed their agitation, and that the call for meetings of the "groups" are circulated openly. "Monday evening," the article says, "in the hall on Clybourn avenue, a meeting of the North Side Group of the International Working People's Association was held, at which various 'plans' were discussed. Some of the persons present thought that on a stormy night, with a few pounds of dynamite, the water-tower could be blown up and fires started at some dozen different places. The Water-works destroyed, the fire department could have no water; half the city would go up in a blaze, and in the confusion thus caused the re-organized groups and companies of the Lehr und Wehr Verein could easily capture the city. Police Captain Schack says he has no fears of any thing happening at present, and his men are keeping a close watch on the 'groups.' He could not tell what he was going to do in this particular case, not having any authentic information yet, and if he had he did not think it best to make his intentions public in advance.

A CAMPAIGN EPISODE.

How Rev. Joshua Norton Stopped His Paper.

COLUMBUS, IND., Nov. 21.—Rev. Joshua Norton, of this city, during the heat of the last campaign received a copy of the *Luciana Phalanx*, the State Prohibition organ, and wrote on the wrapper: "Take your dirty paper back. It is only fit for slobber-mouthed whisky-drinking Democrats to read, and not for scholarly Republicans." The editor of the *Phalanx* was waxed wroth on receiving the insulting message, and at once placed the matter in the hands of the United States District Attorney, Norton was indicted by the United States Grand Jury for sending an obscene matter through the mails and for violating the postal laws. Yesterday the Reverend gentleman went up to Indianapolis and pleaded guilty in the United States Court, throwing himself on the mercy of the judge, who fined him \$5 and admonished him to be more gentlemanly in the future in the matter of stopping his papers.

The Clothing-House Fire.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 21.—The losses at the fire which consumed the wholesale clothing establishments of Mack, Stadler & Co. and M. & L. S. Fecheimer, at 107 and 109 West Third street, early Saturday morning, are estimated at \$600,000. The insurance is about \$551,000. The fire is said to have started from an old stove in the second floor of Mack, Stadler & Co.'s store. Captains Hulstead and Higgins, of the police headquarters, and the burglar, wounded by falling timbers, and their lives are despaired of.

A Highwayman's Fate.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—The *Times* Fort Keogh (Montana) special says: Last Tuesday the remains of Jim Swan, alias Jack Sheppard, the prince of the Northwestern highwaymen, were found among the Big Horn Mountains. He escaped from the sheriff some time ago, while handcuffed, and was never caught afterwards. He died from starvation, as his manacled condition prevented him from procuring food. A knife and revolver with the chambers empty were found beside him.

Bank Robbery.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, Nov. 21.—A bold robbery occurred here between the hours of two and four o'clock this morning. The large grocery store of Jacob Dilling was entered and the safe burglarized of \$2,000 in cash and about \$1,000 worth of promissory notes. Dilling's store is within half a block of police headquarters. The burglar drilled a hole in the safe door, and after rifling the safe deliberately made their exit via the front entrance.

Death of Charles Francis Adams, Sr.

BOSTON, Nov. 21.—The Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Sr., died at 8:30 a. m. to-day at his residence in this city. He had suffered for some five years with brain trouble, arising from overtaxing his brain in the literary work upon which he was engaged. He was the third son of John Quincy Adams, and was born in Boston August 16, 1807.

Fenian Martyrs.

DUBLIN, Nov. 21.—The anniversary of the execution of Allan Larkin and O'Brien, at Manchester, in 1867, was observed here today. A procession marched to Glasnevin Cemetery, where wreaths were placed upon the graves of the martyrs. Other Fenian monuments were visited, including that of O'Donnell, the slayer of Carey, the Phoenix Park informer.

Bail Money for Fotheringham.

SEDALIA, MO., Nov. 21.—It is learned definitely that the friends of David Fotheringham, the Adams Express messenger, who is suspected of complicity in the robbery, have completed arrangements for securing his release on bond, the amount what it may. The bondsmen will be business men of St. Louis, Sedalia and Richhill.

A Professor's Mishap.

NEW HAVEN, CT., Nov. 21.—While Dr. Barbour, of the Peabody Museum at New Haven, was experimenting with some newly received ostrich eggs, one of them exploded with such force as to shatter the room and knock the Professor senseless to the floor. The egg was eighteen inches in circumference.

Diphtheria Scare.

INTERPENDING, MICH., Nov. 21.—On account of the diphtheria epidemic all dances and public meetings have been prohibited. The schools have been closed and no services were held in the churches to-day, by order of the board of health.

Our Navy.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—According to the report of the Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repairs of the Navy, the number of serviceable vessels has been reduced to two first-rate, ten second-rate, twenty third-rate, and seven fourth-rate vessels, the latter including two torpedo rams.

Cardinal Jacobini Resigns.

ROME, Nov. 21.—Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Secretary of State, on the plea of ill health has asked the Pope to accept his resignation. It is known that the Cardinal suffers from incipient dropsy, but the chief cause of his desire to resign is the approach of the day when the Pope will be crowned.

Colored Murderer Dangled Ale!

NATCHEZ, MISS., Nov. 19.—Jones Spivey, colored, the murderer of Ada Coleman, was hanged in the jail-yard here to-day.

BIG SANDY NEWS.

This is Thanksgiving day.

T. D. Marcum was in Louisa last week.

Court of Claims the first Monday in December.

James O'Brien is still low with pneumonia.

John Hays, of Charley, was in town last week.

Last Thursday was pay-day on the Government works.

Rev. Z. Meek was on the down train Monday afternoon.

Capt. C. Milstead, of Portsmouth, was in this city Monday.

W. D. Creasy, of Cincinnati, was here the first of the week.

Mrs. S. S. Vinson, of Ceredo, W. Va., is visiting in Louisa.

Arthur and Milt Preston passed down on the afternoon train Monday.

C. R. DeLeon and John J. Walsh, of Cincinnati, were in this city Monday.

W. B. Asle, of Huntington W. Va., was registered at the Chattahoo Monday.

Give the Louisa Art Gallery a call and examine some of their good work.

Pictures taken at the Louisa Art Gallery on cloudy days as well any other time.

George Billups, who is employed at Ashland, spent a few days at home this week.

Mrs. Hughes, of Star Furnace, was visiting her sons at this place a few days since.

Miss Mary Thompson, of St. Albans, W. Va., is visiting Miss Willie Lauck at this place.

The recent rains have caused a rise in the river sufficient to allow some of the steamers to come out.

Married, at this place yesterday, Mr. George E. Chapman to Mrs. Mary Maynard, both of Gallup, Ky.

The examining trial of the Robinet brothers for shooting Scarbury was continued until next Monday.

Gus Calvert general traveling salesman for L. Stix & Co., of Cincinnati, was in the city the first of the week.

A special train Tuesday afternoon took Col. Northup to Richardson, from whence he proceeded up the river.

The Baptist Church gave a masquerade mite at Drake's Hall last Saturday evening. The proceeds amounted to \$22.

The work of laying the stone on the abutment of the dam has been commenced. Mr. George Strachan is superintending the work.

R. Eason, traveling Agent for the American Sewing Machine Co., called on us Tuesday and made advertising contract for his company.

Headache, dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation cured at once by "Sellers' Liver Pills." 25c. a box. Sold by all druggists. 2-17.

The Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of the lower court in the case of P. D. Marcum. The Governor has not set the day for the hanging.

S. T. Nickles and Jas. Trimble, of Catlettsburg, came up on the Mountain Girl Sunday night and took the up train Monday morning, en-route for Pikeville.

R. J. Prichard and John Billups have returned from their hunting excursion in the mountains of West Virginia. The party killed five deer and one bear.

Mr. G. W. Castle and wife have returned, after traveling over Kansas for several weeks. Mr. Castle will not locate in the West, at least not in the near future.

Mr. W. H. Hubbard, of Richardson, gave the News office one of those pleasant calls yesterday which subscribers sometimes make—in other words, he left a dollar with us.

The people of the upper Sandy Valley feel confident that they will soon have a railroad. And if they will only grant the right-of-way and

offer reasonable inducements they will certainly be blessed with a road.

We take pleasure in recommending Hall's Hair Renewer to our readers. It restores gray hair to its youthful color, prevents baldness, makes the hair soft and glossy, does not stain the skin and is altogether the best known remedy for all hair and scalp diseases.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla thoroughly cleanses the blood, stimulates the vital functions, and restores health and strength. No one whose blood is impure can feel well. When you are discouraged and despondent take Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify and vitalize the blood.

The good, honest country folks know that the best is the cheapest. Also, that Coussens' Honey of Tar will save time for them in making a crop, by curing farm hands speedily of coughs, colds and throat and lung diseases. City folks who know all things about a town, use Coussens' Honey of Tar for coughs and colds.

Children reading adopt the habits of their elders. Some little girls were playing ladies, each with a dollie in her arms. Said one of them, "My baby has been sick for two or three days, with a bad cold, but I gave her a dose of Coussens' Honey of Tar, which my mother used in her family, and it cured her completely."

CINCINNATI AGAIN.—We have just received a sample copy of a new Piano piece called "Gentle Billows," by A. T. Cramer. This is without doubt the best piece we have seen for a long time. No one who has a piano should be without it. The price is 40 cents, but it will be sent to any one now for 25 cents. Address, J. C. Greene & Co., Music Publishers, 24 & 42 Arcade, Cin. O.

Previous to the meeting of the Board of Trustees last Friday night there was a law in existence in Louisa taxing the owner of dogs \$2.00 per dog. This tax however, was removed at that meeting. The repeal was brought about by the question of whether certain owners of dogs should be exonerated from paying the \$2.00. Some of the Trustees say they will offer their resignation at the next meeting.

There are many topics so dry, noisome and unromantic that in writing or speaking of them the imagination has no room for her fantastic work. Among these we find various diseases—Piles for instance, a painful fact to so many sufferers. It is also an incontrovertible fact that Tabler's Buckeye Ointment will cure every case of Piles on the globe if sufferers will use it.

We are glad to see a disposition on the part of the manufacturers in this country to excel in quality, and of consumers to purchase the best in the market, especially in the articles which enter into the food of man. We are led to the above remarks since having the pleasure of eating some very nice light Biscuits, made from J. Monroe Taylor's Gold Medal Soda or Saleratus. Our better half announces it the best she ever saw. Try it. Most all the Grocers and many Druggists sell it.

Burned to Death.

Probably the saddest occurrence in the history of our county was the burning of Mr. M. F. Carter's house and one of his little children last Wednesday night. The fire originated in the kitchen, but in what manner it is not known. Mrs. Carter was badly burned in the attempt to rescue the child—a little boy about five years old. Mr. Carter was, at the time of the accident, away from home discharging his duties as Assessor. The house was large, and the light from the fire was noticed by several persons at this place, a distance of about six miles. The building was insured for \$500. This entire community deeply sympathizes with the family.

Eight Persons Poisoned.

A short time after eating breakfast on Tuesday the 23rd inst., the family of Jack Terman, at Rockville Station in this county, were taken suddenly and violently ill from the effects of what was found to be poisoned food. Mr. Terman had been sick for some time and Dr. Banfield spent with him the night previous to the poisoned breakfast, and by partaking of the malignant food was also poisoned.

In addition to the persons above named the following were also poisoned: Mrs. Sarah Terman, (mother of Jack Terman) aged 70 years; Mrs. Ellen Mayo, Miss Alice Powell, Willie Claver, Jim Vinson (col.) and Percy Oliver, a child of the servant girl, Mollie Oliver. Mrs. Sarah Terman and the child of the servant girl have died, but the others will recover. "Rough on rats"

was found to be the poison used, and Mary Oliver is now at this place under arrest, charged with having put the poison in the coffee and chicken while cooking.

Mrs. Lellingwell, of this place, and Mrs. R. S. Booten, of Prestonsburg, were called to Rockville by the illness of their mother, Mrs. Terman.

Select School.

About Feb. 1st I shall open a select school, in Louisa and continue it five months. The curriculum will embrace the branches usually taught in high schools. Teachers and those who wish to prepare themselves for teaching will receive special attention.

G. W. WROTH.

Itch, Mange, and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 Minutes by Wolfford's Sanitary Lotion. A sure cure and perfectly harmless. Warranted by Freese & Norris, Druggists, Louisa.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen.

A white cow 5 years old, weighs about 850 or 900 pounds, in good condition, giving about two gallons of milk at a milking. Liberal reward to finder.

J. A. HUGHES.

If 'out of sorts' with headache, stomach disorder, torpid liver, pain in back or side, constipation, etc., neglect may be fatal. One dose of Strong's Kidney Pills will give relief. A few doses restore to new health and vigor.

The Parent of Insomnia.

The parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathize. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve center, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great center. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Dr. J. C. Greene's Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics, which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the tone of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that important organ, and their beneficial influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome appetite is likewise given to the system of the weak and bowels by its use.

Volina Cordial

CURES
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION,
WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVERS,
MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINT,
KIDNEY TROUBLES,
NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.

It is invigorating and refreshing, and of great value as a medicine for weak and ailing men and children.

It gives NEW LIFE to the whole system by strengthening the muscles, forcing the NERVES, and completely digesting the food.

A Book, "Volina," by leading physicians, telling how to treat diseases at HOME, mailed, together with a set of handsome cards by new Heliotype process, on receipt of 10 c.

For sale by all Druggists and Grocers. Should the dealer near you not keep Volina, send him \$1.00, and a full set of cards will be sent, charge paid.

Volina Drug and Chemical Company, BILTMORE, MD., U. S. A.

WEAK & UNDEVELOPED

FAIRBANKS' HUMAN BODY ENHANCER DEVELOPER. This is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiry we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertiser is very high in our estimation. Interested persons may get circulars giving all particulars, by addressing Knickerbocker Co., Buffalo, N. Y., or Toledo Book Co., Toledo, O.

BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY!!

Cakes, Pies and Pastries. Fresh Bread Daily.

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WM. REMMELE'S.

We manufacture our own Candy; and don't forget that when you buy Candy for your children you should get that which is Fresh and Pure. Wedding cakes made to order.

ALL KINDS OF STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

GIVE ME A CALL. WILLIAM REMMELE.

BOOKS, THREE CENTS EACH.

The following books are published in neat pamphlet form, many of them handsomely illustrated, and all are printed from good type upon good paper. Please examine the list and see if you do not find therein some that you would like to possess. In cloth-bound form these books would cost \$1.00 each. Each book is complete in itself.

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Manual of Floriculture. Teaches the best method of propagating all the different plants, tells how to cure diseases and eradicate insect pests, gives directions for making beautiful floral and other devices, for window gardening, etc. Illustrated.

Guide to Needlework, Knitting and Crochet. Containing designs and directions for all kinds of Fancy Needlework, Artistic Knitting, Lace Work, Knitting, Tatting, Crochet and Net Work. Illustrated.

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The Earth do Quake,

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Next door to Snyder's Hardware store. He has

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And everything usually found in a first-class General Store. All new goods, bought for cash. He will be more than glad to meet all his old friends and as many new ones as possible.

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We have the Nicest Line and Lowest Prices. All kinds of Nice Dress Goods from 50 per yd up.
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We have the nicest and most complete line we have ever kept. Best line of Corsets in town—50 cent Corsets for 30 cents. All grades of Ladies' Underwear in stock and cheap. Clasps, large and small Buttons to match for Ladies' Dresses. All the latest in tinsel and colored Ruching. Hosiery of all Grades and Colors—Wool, Cashmere, Lyle Ingrain, Cotton, etc. Ladies' Hose, 5 cents a pair.

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All kinds and grades of cotton and wool undershirts. The latest in white and colored shirts. Come and See our Plaided Bosom Fannel Shirts in all colors. A Good Undershirt for 25 cents. All Wool Scarlet Shirt and Drawers, 60 cents.

HATS and CAPS—the Nobbiest Line in town for the Least Money.

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We have the Largest Stock and best assortment—well, the Plain Facts are we intend to do the Clothing Business of the Town, and if you want anything in the Clothing Line you can not afford to buy until you see ours. If you want a Nice Tailor Made Suit we will take your measure and guarantee a Good Fit or No Sale, and save you from 15 to 20 per cent on traveling salesmen's prices.

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8 Lbs Good Coffee \$1.00 7 Lbs Best Coffee \$1.00 All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Don't Forget the Place Atkins old stand next door to Snyder's Hardware Store.

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These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. The marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

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